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# The RAMBLER

BY JOHN MCKELWAY

## One big problem is how to spy a spook

One intriguing proposal before Congress seeks the establishment of a spy museum.

Presumably, it would be in Washington.

So far, plans call for private donations to finance the museum and as far as I can tell the purpose of the place would be to educate us in some of the techniques of spying as well as honoring spies of the past and saluting the work of the Central Intelligence Agency.



But there are problems. CIA Director William Casey is all for the museum but he told the Senate Intelligence Committee: "What the CIA can contribute will almost certainly be quite limited."

And Sen. Chic Hecht, R-Nev., pointed out that our spies are "some of our greatest heroes and no one knows anything about them."

And, I gather, it would probably be best if they stayed that way.

As far as I can tell, the spy museum would not be as large as the National Gallery of Art, or one of the other museums that stand along the Mall. It seems exhibits would have to be sort of restricted. Only a model of the U-2 spy plane has been suggested along with somebody's collection of counterfeit stamps and a small statue of Nathan Hale, a spy of the American Revolution who had but one life to give for his country.

At this point, I don't think that tells much about spies or the CIA and it would be my hope that eventually the sponsors of such a museum would do something a little bit different.

I'd like to see a floating spy museum.

Tourists, for example, could be encouraged to check the classified ads in all local newspapers for some hint of where the museum might be located on any given day. They could also search the lost dog ads for some hidden meaning or, perhaps, study every line of a mysterious "room for rent" on New Hampshire Avenue — actually the "safe house" for the museum for at least a week. The challenge to find the museum would be exciting, I would think, for a tourist to Washington facing, instead, a trip to the Washington Monument with five kids.

On the Mall, sightseeing guides could suggest that an old oak tree by the Smithsonian Castle had been used for a "drop" in the past and tourists could scramble to see what, if anything, might have been deposited in the tree. A scrap of paper, wrapped around one cigarette in a pack of 20, would name the latest location of the spy museum.

As for the museum itself, on any given day, I would think it ought to have a cloak under a glass-case — someplace — and a dagger under another.

But outside of one lone light beamed on the statue of Nathan Hale, the museum would be completely black and spooky.

The visitor would have to grope about in the dark, feeling a model of CIA headquarters somewhere in northern Virginia, a life-mask of Allen Dulles with mustache and some thick, dog-eared copies of the budget of the United States wherein appropriations to the agency are buried. Sometimes, maybe, in the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Meanwhile, shadowy figures would be hurrying about within the museum, brushing up against the tourists, and whispering, "Meet me in the last pew on the left, St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, 'bout noon, tomorrow."

Well, I think the tourists, at least, would get a kick out of it and they would go back home full of the thrills of the spy museum.

I would only hope that on their way out of the museum, wherever it might be, there would always be an unmarked truck parked in the vicinity, one full of electronic equipment, hooked up to a satellite.

I'm just trying to be helpful. It's time we had a spy museum, but I can see how hard it is to put anything in it.